

TRIFLIN' BLUES

(DADDY DON'T YOU TRIFLE ON ME)

A CHARACTERISTIC MOURNFUL BLUES

By PORTER GRAINGER
and BOB RICKETTS
composers of "Laughin' Cryin' Blues"

Jack Barton

Al Hawn



Politzer

MADE IN
U.S.A.



TRIFLIN' BLUES

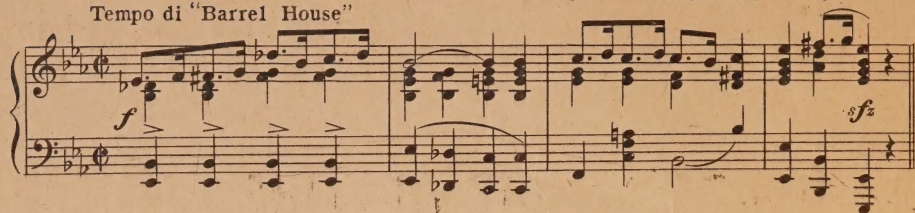
(Daddy Don't You Trifle On Me)

By PORTER GRAINGER
and BOB RICKETTS

By the writers of "Laughin' Cryin' Blues"

Tempo di "Barrel House"

Piano



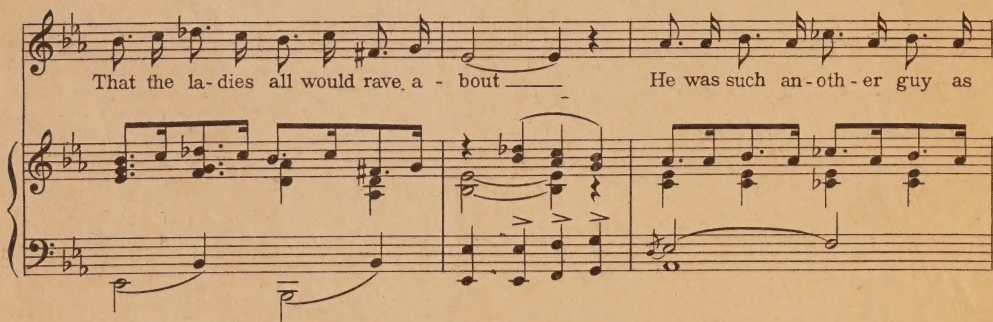
VOICE

Miss Mir-an-da Jack-son had a lov-in' man



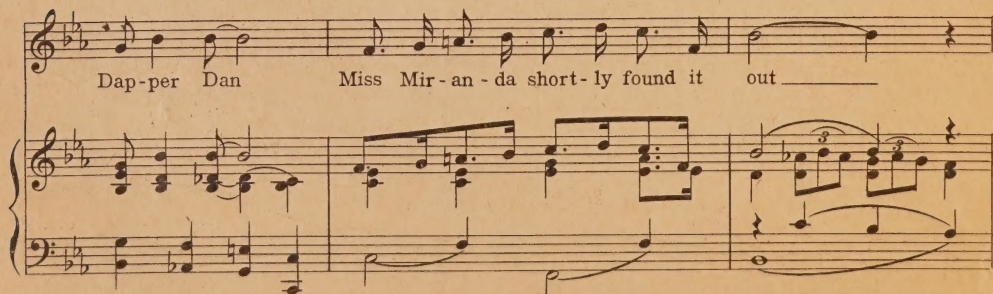
That the la-dies all would rave, a - bout

He was such an-oth-er guy as



Dap-per Dan

Miss Mir-an-da short-ly found it out



When he took a pleas - ure trip to Ten - nes - see

Miss Mir - an - da could - n't help but cry Jeal - ous - y would fret her

So she wrote a let - ter This is what she told him not to try.

CHORUS

Dad - dy don't you tri - fle on me While you're down in Ten - nes - see
Dad - dy don't you tri - fle on me Bet - ter jump in - to the sea

I've just bought a "gat" Its an "au-to-mat" Now you know ex-act-ly what your ma-ma's
Here is my ad-vice And I'm talk-in' nice don't you let me see you walk-in' with the'

driv-in' at Dad-dy don't you tri-fle on me
same gal twice Dad-dy don't you tri-fle on me

'Cause I'm like a bum-ble bee You might ig-nore me while I
That's your lov-in' ma-ma's plea Now keep 'way from me when you

buzz a-roun' But you'll know I'm on you when I sit down Ma-ma's blue as she can
just must flirt, If I catch you cheat-in' you'll sure get hurt Ma-ma's blue as she can

1. 2. *Fine*

be So dad-dy don't you tri-fle on me. me.
 be So dad-dy don't you tri-fle on me. me.

sfz *Fine*

"Here mama moans 'em"

Ev-'ry day in ev-'ry way I think much more of you If some gal took

you, I'll say I don't know what I'd do Win-ter, fall or sum-mer time To

me it mat-ters not I'd glad-ly give you my last dime Or an-y-thing I've got, But

D.S. to Fine

TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR PIANO

Laughin' Cryin' Blues

By PORTER GRAINGER
& BOB RICKETTS

CHORUS

When I Laugh ha! ha! ha! ha! There's no use to fool you Because I want to

cry hoo! hoo! hoo! hoo! and what's more beside it I fail to hide it

When sweet throats come to me 'Bout how nice he'd do me They go all

thru me That's why I'm blue, Tho' I laugh ha! ha! ha! ha! I.

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